



BY  
EMERSON  
HOUGH...

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(Continued.)

We hardly were under way before a small power boat, bearing a blue coat and a man, puffed alongside.

"What boat is this?" he called. "Belle Helena of Mackinaw?"

In answer—without order from me—my bloodthirsty mate, L'Olonnois, brought out the black burgee of the Jolly Rover, bearing a skull and crossbones.

"Have a look at that!" he piped. "Shall we clear the stern chaser, Black Bart?"

"Hold on there, wait! I've got papers for you," called the officer, still hanging at our rail, for I had not yet ordered full speed.

"He hollered to me he was going to arrest us, Mr. Harry," explained Peterson, much out of breath. "What's it all about? What papers does he mean?"

"The morning papers very likely, Peterson," said I, "with the baseball scores."

"Will you halt now?" called the officer.

"No," I answered through the megaphone. "You have no authority to halt us. What's your paper, and who is it for?"

"Wire from Calvin Davidson, Natchez, charging John Doe with running off with his boat."

"This is not his boat," I answered, "but my own, and I am not John Doe. We're on our way to the coast, and not under any jurisdiction of yours."

He stood up and drew a paper from his pocket and began to read. In reply I pulled the whistle cord and drowned his voice, while at the same time I gave the engineer orders for full speed. Shaking his fist, he fell astern.

As I turned to pluck up the course—for I had myself taken the wheel—I saw the figure of Aunt Lucinda on the after deck. She was on the point of heaving overboard a bottle. I heard it splash, saw it bob astern. "Now the devil will be to pay," thought I. But on second thought I slowed down, so that distinctly I saw the officer, also slowing down, stoop over and take the bottle aboard his launch.

"Ahey, the launch!" he called. He put a hand at his ear as I megaphoned him. "Take this message for Mr. Calvin Davidson," I halted, the nodded that he heard—"that tonight John Doe will wear his waistcoat, the one with the pink stripes. Do you get me?"

Apparently he did not get me, for he sat down suddenly and mopped his face. We left him so. And for aught I could know he took back ashore material for a newspaper story, which would be fair to the better for the newspapers than for us on board the Belle Helena, for, up and down the river, the wires might carry the news that a crazy man had been guilty of piracy, highway robbery, abduction, I know not how many other crimes, and to arrest him on his mad career they might enlist all the authorities, municipal, county, state and even national.

#### CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH IS DISCUSSION OF TWO AUNTIES

OLONNOIS was still all for training the stern chaser long tom (the Belle Helena's brass yacht cannon) on the enemy and came to me presently breathing defiance. "If I only had any chain saws in the locker," said he, "I'd saw you in two." "I'd saw you in two," I said, "but I would pay him well for this! He's got my Auntie Helen's auntie scared silly."

"And how about your Auntie Helen herself?" I asked of him. Thus far he had been guilty of no nepotism whatever and had treated his auntie as any other captive maiden, perchance fallen into his ruthless hands.

"Well, she ain't so scared as she is mad, near I can see," was his reply. "She sat there when I first drove 'em down stairs, looking at me and says, 'Jimmy,' says she, 'what's all this foot-fishness?' And she reaches out her hand and she offers me candy—she makes awful nice fudges too. She knew that wasn't fair. But I says to her, 'Woman, cease all blandishments, for now you are in our power!' And I liked that, for I been in her power long enough. Then she set down, and next's I can tell she got to thinking things over. I know her—she'll try to get away."

"She has tried to do so, my good lieutenant, is trying now. She and her Auntie Lucinda have thrown over I know not how many bottles carrying messages. It were only by mere chance you varlet could escape coming over some of them. Add this to the fact that your varlet has got the king's navy after us, I say, marry, methinks we have full work cut out for us. Not that stout heart should falter, good lieutenant, eh?"

"We follow Black Bart the Avenger," said L'Olonnois, folding his arms and frowning heavily; "but, say," he added, "what seems funny to me is you and my Auntie Helen must of known each other before now."

"Not at all, not at all—that is, but exactly and long years since. It had long since escaped my mind." I felt myself flushing sadly.

"I'll tell her that—I know she was mistaken. I was sure she was."

"No, no, Jimmy! You'll tell her not-

"Yes, sir, the revered aunt. Well, sir, the revered aunt, dash her!"

"Yes, dash her starry top lights, Peterson, and even if need be shiver her timbers! Go on."

"Why, she's been trying to pull off a wedding on this boat ever since we left Mackinaw."

"Why not? You mean that Mr. Davidson and the revered aunt were getting on well?"

"Oh, no, bless your heart, no! It was the young lady, Miss Emory. And she—"

I raised my hand. "Never mind, Peterson. We can't discuss that at all. But now I'm minded to give my friend Mr. Davidson a little game of follow my leader. And just to show how well we'll do that we'll begin with a preliminary go at hide and seek. Take the chance, Peterson, and run into the bayou. I'll put off the small boat for soundings. If we can get gas and can get in and can get out unnoticed may be we can run in New Orleans in the night and none the wiser."

"And where then, Mr. Harry?"

"Peterson, the high seas have no bridges, and if they had I should not cross them yet. Perhaps if I did I then should burn them behind me."

"She's a mortal fine young woman, Mr. Harry, a mortal fine one. I'll be sworn he makes a hard run for her. But so can we—ch, Mr. Harry? He'll like enough pocket us in here, though."

I made no answer to this. The old man left me to take the wheel, and I noted his head wag from side to side.

As good fortune would have it, we swung in, opposite the screened mouth of Henry's bayou, at a time when the stream was free of all craft that might have crossed us, although far across the forest we could see a black column of smoke, marking a river steamer coming up.

"Quick with that longboat, Lafitte," I ordered, and he drew our old craft alongside as we slowed down. "Get over yonder and sound for a bar. Take the boat hook. If you get four feet we'll try it."

My hardy young ruffian was nothing if not prompt, nor was he less efficient than the average deck hand. It was he who did the sounding while Willie, our factotum, pulled slowly in toward the mouth of the old river bed. I watched them through the glasses, noting that rarely could Lafitte find any bottom at all with the long shaft of the boat hook. "She's all right, Peterson," said I. "Follow on in slowly. I don't want that steamer yonder to catch us."

"Why don't you?" A voice I should know, to which all my body would thrill, did I hear it in any corner of the world, spoke at my elbow. I started for a half instant before I made reply, looking into her dark eyes, sensible again of the perfume most delectable producing for a man—the scent of a woman's hair.

"Because, Helena," said I, "I wish our boat to lie unnoticed for a time, till the hue and cry has lulled a bit."

"And then?" She bent on me her gaze, so difficult to resist, and smiled at me with the corners of her lips, so subtly irresistible.

"And then," said I savagely, "this boat runs by all the towns till we reach the gulf and the open sea."

"And then?"

"And then, Helena, we sail the ocean blue, you and I."

"No, you and I?"

"Forever, Helena. Or, at least, until—"

"Until when?"

"Until you say you will marry me, Helena."

She made no answer now at all beyond a scornful shrug of her shoulders. "Suppose I cannot?" she said at last.

"If you cannot, all the same you must and shall!" said I. "You shall be prisoner until you do."

"Is there no law for such as you?"

"No. None on the high seas. None in my heart. Only one law I know any more, Helena—I who have upheld the law, obeyed it, revered it."

"And that?"

"The law of the centuries, of the forest, of the sea; the law of love, Helena."

"Ah, you go about it handsomely! If you wished me to despise you, to hate you, this would be very fit, what you say."

"You may hate me, despise me, Helena. Let it be so. But you shall not ignore me as you have these three years."

"It was your fault, your wish—as well as my wish. We agreed to that. Why bring it up again? When the news came that you had quit your profession and just at the time you had lost all your father's fortune and your own, had turned your back and run away, when you should have stayed and fought—well, do you think a girl cares for that sort of man? No. A man must do something in this world. He mustn't quit. He's got to fight."

"Not even if he has nothing to work for?"

"No; not even then. There are plenty of girls in the world!"

"One."

"And a man mustn't throw away his life for any one woman. That isn't right. He has his work to do, his place to make and hold. That's what a woman wants in a man. But you didn't. Now you come and say we must forget all the years of off and on, all the time we—wasted, don't you know. And because I am for a little while in your hands you threaten me, a woman. You even almost compromise me. This will make talk."

"You speak to me as though, indeed, you were a buccaner and I, indeed, in your power absolutely. If I did not know you?"

"You do not. Forget the man you know, I am not he—I am another man. I am my father and his great-grandfather and all his ancestors, pirates all. I know what I covet, and by the Lord nothing shall stop me, least of all the law! I shall take my own where I find it."

(To Be Continued.)

In order to get a good attendance at the governor's conference, they had to invite ex-governors also. Probably the next time it will be necessary to take in candidates for governor and those who had been "mentioned" for the office.

SPECIAL SALE OF  
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JOHN RECK & SON.

#### THE READY MADE CLOTHING BUSINESS.

The New York Times printed a little article the other day on the development of ready-to-wear clothing. It told of the great changes in that trade during recent years. The difference, as one man puts it, is trying to fit every man that comes into the store, instead of merely trying to fit the average man.

It is fortunate for the average man's purse, that ready-made clothing has shown so much improvement. In primitive times the clothing was cut and made up in each individual home. Later there was a period when women with some experience as tailors turned out clothes for a whole village. Their rates were low and the clothing wore well, even if it fitted poorly. More particular people, of course, patronized higher class establishments.

Today tailors pay high wages, and in the larger cities much more comfortable workshops have to be provided. The custom-made wardrobe years ago was charging \$35 for a suit of men's clothes, usually has to ask \$45 for it today.

Meanwhile ready-made clothing has made no great advance in price. The makers pay more for labor, but by running large shops they keep the costs fairly well down. The majority of hard working people have to forego the glove fit of a finely tailored suit, as a too costly luxury. The disposition of the ready-to-wear trade to meet the needs of slim and stout and tall and short men enables nearly every one to find something that comes pretty close to his needs.

Much the same conditions prevail in women's clothing. The cost of custom-made dresses grows every year. Fashionable dressmakers, with a style and a gift at fitting the individual figure, command almost any price they may ask. The average woman looks more and more to the ready-made shop. Her vanity is not quite so well satisfied, but she has a lot of money left for other needs.

Postmaster William Merriell of West Waterbury, Mass., has resigned because he is not in accord with President Wilson's neutral foreign policy.

#### WOMEN FROM 45 TO 55 TESTIFY

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"Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis."

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STATE OF CONNECTICUT,  
DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss.  
PROBATE COURT.

September, 1, 1915.

Estate of Patrick Finnegan, late of Bridgeport in said district, deceased.

Upon application praying—that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased be admitted to probate—as per said application on file more fully appears, it is

Ordered that said application be heard and determined at the Probate Office in Bridgeport in said District on the 10th day of September, A. D., 1915, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be given to all persons known to be interested in said estate to appear, if they see cause, at said time and place, and be heard thereon—by publishing three times in some newspaper having a circulation in said district—a copy of this order, at least 5 days before said day of hearing, and that return of notice given be made to this court.

Attest:  
PAUL L. MILLER Judge.

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Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."

Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 70 Manhattan St., New York, writes: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours, I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unsolicited."

Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell a rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medicine Co., 117 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.

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Cardinal Gibbons conferred with President Wilson at the White House.

The Grimby steamer trawler Cinera, with nine men aboard, is believed to have been sunk by a German submarine. She is given up for lost.

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State of Connecticut  
Treasury Department.

#### Taxes ON Investments

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A HEAVY PENALTY  
is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money in Bank is taxable.  
F. S. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Treasurer.

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